

JUNE 1907

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The Sotoyome Bank

Capital Paid Up in U. S. Gold Coin, \$50,000

GEO. H. WARFIELD, Pres.

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1. Class Motto and Roll of '07	3
2. Picture of High School Building	4
3. Essay and Valedictory, by Ynez Whitney	5 6 7
4. School Song	8
5. Picture of Faculty	9
6. Salutatory Address, by Dorothy Kent	10 13
7. Class History, by Violetta Mayes	11
8. Picture of Graduating Class	12
9. Picture of School Officials	14
10. Jingles	15 22
11. Influence of Commercial Activity	16 17
12. Editorial	18 19
13. Class Will, by Gertrude Coffman	20
14. Music in Education	21
15. Prophecy of Class '07, by Hilda Kent	23 24
16. A Summer's Dream	25
17. H. H. S. Alumni	26
18. Social Notes	27
19. Senate Notes	28
20. Exchange Notes	29
21. Wise and Otherwise	30
22. Athletics	31 33
23. School Notes	32

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J. L. WATTLE, Cashier

J. A. McMINN, Vice-President
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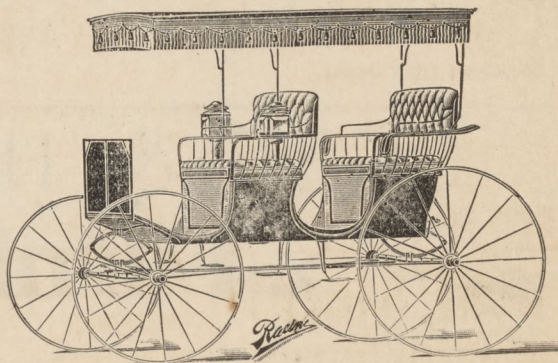
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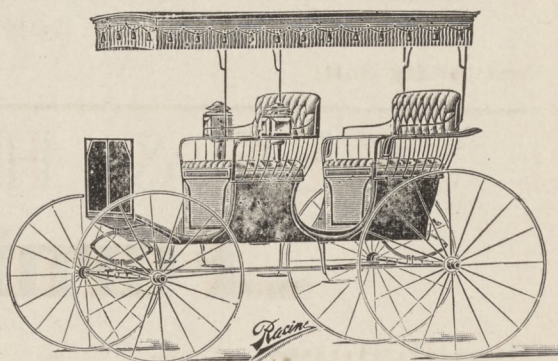
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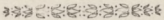
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California



CLASS '07



Motto—Veritus omnia vincet

Colors—Pink and Green

Flower—Pink Carnation

CLASS PRESIDENT	-	-	Ynez L. Whitney
Secretary and Treasurer	-	-	Rodney N. McClure

CLASS ROLL

Ynez Luella Whitney

Mary Gertrude Coffman

Bertram Joseph McDonough

Rodney Nathaniel McClure

May Adaline Banks


Violetta Verna Vapor Mayes

Jessie Skee

William George Wilson

Cora Adilla Craig

L. Dorothy Kent





HEALDSBURG HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

The Sotoyoman



VOL. II

HEALDSBURG, CAL., JUNE 1907

NO. 8

Oration and Valedictory.

"The Influence Of Fiction."

By Ynez Whitney, '07

Through all the ages men have striven to express their most exquisite thoughts in some perfect form of art. Every period in history has been characterized by a typical portrayal of its noblest ideals. The Venus de Milo, the Sistine Madonna, Parsifal, the places of Versailles, Paradise Lost, the Midsummer Night's Dream, have all expressed what the masters of their time conceived to be most noble in thought and lovely in form.

No period has confined itself exclusively to any particular medium for the portrayal of the artistic, but each has been typified as by either poetry or music. For several centuries past the English speaking people have come to look to their literature, and now especially to fiction, to find the messages of their best men. Because of its limitless sphere, its universal appeal, its wealth of learning, fiction has come to have an unspeakably far reaching influence. To dwell on the worth of literature would be useless because the power and value of true poetry and great prose is no longer questioned. A skeptical feeling regarding the good which action may accomplish has, however, not altogether disappeared. Doubtless this disapproval has grown from con-

sidering the novel as a shallow, silly, love story following an impossible heroine through a chain of unlikely events to the marriage altar.

But in considering fiction we should judge from the highest standards which have been set. There is a worthless, even a harmful, type of novel, but this is not the type which is most widely read or which influences and appeals to thousands of readers. Never has anything existed which has been so grand or powerful but that its good influence has been hampered and checked by a thousand petty evils. Even the wonderful civilization which has developed us into a world of men and women, striving for culture and virtue, has brought about conditions which are most deplorable. Countless souls are down trodden, oppressed, robbed of their birthright, because to accomplish the great ends to which progress is reaching forward some must be crushed that in time to come others may profit by it. Yet who, on this account, shall question the value of our superb civilization? We must not condemn that which is truly noble and artistic both in itself and in its results because its name includes unworthy productions.

The people of Queen Elizabeth's time saw in

youth, the delight of old age, the orament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity, a delight at home and no hindrance abroad; they are our companions by night, in travel and in the country."

Novels are equally beneficial when read for what instruction they may contain. Some of the greatest novels have an historical basis for their plot. An insight into the manners, customs, and life of another age is given by being familiar with such authors as Scott or Bulwer-Lytton. A certain view of an historical situation can be obtained in *Red Rock*, a story of the civil war, which is considered by some critics the best historical novel ever written. We may not wish to spend what little time we have for reading in studying history, but an historical romance fills the two fold office of entertaining and instructing. An interest may be awakened by fiction which, in time, will lead to ventures into other profitable realms of literature.

Fiction is a source for much culture. When we read Meredith, Hawthorne, Stevenson, we put ourselves in touch with the most highly educated men—we hear the voices of the finest “men of the world communicating their choicest thoughts.”

Our circle of friends may be limited but we can have as closest companions people of culture, refinement, and powerful ideas. A lesson is taught better by the life shown in a story than by any other way in literature.

For the greatest power of fiction lies in its being a personal, a direct impression of life. Pope said that "the proper study of mankind is man:" In a broader deeper sense it can be stated that the proper study of life is life. Our existence is short, our opportunities limited, our experiences few, but the lives of others with their joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs can be ours. We can become acquainted with life in its moments of trial, of temptation, of sorrow or of success, of strength, and of joy. The softening of Rochester's character through his love for Jane Eyre, the repentance of little Em'ly, or the life of Henry Esmond can teach us many lessons which our personal observation could not. Domley, Ramola, Becky Sharpe, have influenced thousands of readers. These people are true not because they existed, but because they are of life. The unfolding of character, the revelation of the soul, the psychological development are made real and we see possibilities for ourselves, we gain mental breadth and power, a true insight into the personality of those with whom we come in contact. Our op-

opportunities for social activity may be limited, but a broad view of life, of social, political and economic conditions is made possible. In no other way would the different classes of the world become acquainted with one another as they do through reading fiction. Truth is indeed beauty and we come to know ourselves only when we see other's characters described without any personal element..

As a source of amusement, of instruction, a true, forceful representation of life, the novel is one of the mightiest forces at work in our present day civilization. But the greatest value of fiction, its practical, unquestionable mission, is as a medium of reform. It is through a story, true to life, powerful in its conception, fascinating in style, that a knowledge of the greatest social and economic evils has come about. The great work of reform which Dickens accomplished in England could not have been achieved in any other way than by his novels describing with his great sympathy the life of the lowly. His attack on the courts, workhouses, prisons and schools aroused Englishmen to existing evils and resulted in their abolition.

very recent times we can view the stir made by Coniston divulging political corruption, and by *The Jungle* bringing economic corruption to light. These stories set forth a situation so forcibly, so convincingly, that they arouse interest which will not abate until the evils are blotted out.

We must read even to appear well educated and if we would be keen of mind, thorough in our knowledge of the world, seeing beneath the surface deep into the meaning of life, and sympathetic with all mankind, we must read fiction. It is as necessary to our education as the High School course we are completing to-night. They both aim at the same end, to develop our intellect, widen our mental attitude, increase our opportunities, and make us personally better.

And our school life, that is, of course, for most of us, is over. The pleasures, the trials, peculiar to a student's life are no longer ours. The school days are gone leaving a memory which we will cherish, our labors bearing fruit in the broader possibilities for life which we have gained.

The end has come and it is a happy one. Against the tyranny of the unknown (Latin, Algebra, Physics) we have striven. We have won; our victories may not have been great in themselves and are victories only in that they mark progress toward an end. We have aquired only a little knowledge, but it has required effort even

for this. And the success of each well intended effort brings not only the immediate result and adds strength to all of our endeavors. We are also able to realize the true value of education.

Although there have been a few little things we might have wished different our recollections, taken all in all, are happy ones. The sincere and kindly efforts of our teachers have made our school life both pleasureable and profitable. They are competent and have spared no effort for our success. We are very grateful to them—Mr. Warren, Miss Cornish, Miss Cleary and Mr. Hinchey; and also to Mr. Bull and Mr. Bartlett who have been our High School teachers, too. Then there is she who is not with us to-night, she whom Death has stolen away. For in the passing away of Miss Diesem an irreparable loss is felt. She won our love and respect and leaves to us the memory of having known a woman truly good and sincere, sweet and girlish in her manner, serious and zealous in her work.

An obligation is also felt toward the trustees for the unselfish sacrifice of their time. And lastly to the people whose generosity has created the opportunity for what the High School may have done for us.

A valedictory is a farewell. The word being derived from the Latin "vale" or farewell. We bid goodbye to the school we love but it is not the mournful dirge "vale, vale, vale," which the Ancients moaned over their dead but rather a leave taking full of joy and hope and the love of living which our youth and preparation for life give us the right to feel.

The class of nought seven says farewell, happily, hopefully. Yet in this spirit of joyousness there is an element of sadness; but then in all things human there can never be a joy so perfect but that it holds a little of sorrow—"Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." The time has come for us to step from the known into the unknown. We are glad, but in our laughter we shed a tear for the dear old days that are gone. Yet we know and trust that the promises of the future are bright and largely through what we have gained during the last four years. Our struggle to be worthy of what has been done for us will, I know prove that it has not been done in vain.

=====

E. B., '09, (at track meet).—"Say Crystal, got a geometry in your pocket?"

C. G., '09.—"Tut, tut, Eddie, I never carry concealed weapons."

School Song.

Adapted to the Words and Music of
"Heidleberg"

I.

Better than riches or worldly wealth
Is the class that is always jolly.
Beaming with happiness, hope and health,
And warned by friendship true.
Sweeter than hours we laugh away,
Are the hours we give to study;
So come let us sing,
Let our voices all ring,
In one song to our classmates true.

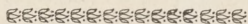
(Chorus.)

Here's to the school which we adore !
Here's to the colors she flies !
Here's to our classmates the best on earth !
Here's to their smiling eyes !
Here's to their hearts which beat for me !
True as the stars above,
Here's to the day and all days to be !
Here's to the school we love !

II.

O Healdsburg High ! O Healdsburg High !
These days we'll ne'er forget,
The golden haze of student days,
Is round about us yet.
These happy days will pass away,
But through the future years,
The thought of you so good so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears !

—By Ray Welch.



THE SLEEPING CATERPILLER

(With apologies to Byron.)

I see before me a Caterpillar lie:
He leans upon a leaf—his greedy jaws
Consent to chew, but he's not hungry,
And his tired head sinks gradually low—
In his insides the last bites sliding slow
From mouth to maw, drop heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
His jaws desist from working—to sleep he's gone,
Ere he had swallowed the last leaf he'd chewed
upon.

—D. K., '07.

'07 CLASS SONG

I.

Oh ! dear old school we love so well,
Theme of our thoughts and lays;
Tho' all the world we journey o'er,
Our hearts will sing thy praise.

(Chorus)

If out into the world we go,
And never see thee more,
A thought of grief will come to think
Our High School days are o'er.

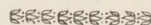
II.

Oh! Healdsburg High, these days spent here
With classmates tried and true,
Will ever bring a tender sigh,
Whene'er we think of you.

III.

Tho' saddened by the loss of one,
A teacher and a friend,
Yet happy still these years have been,
And charm to school days lend.

—Jessie Skee, '07.



Shadows

We are four little shadows that go flitting round
about,
We like walks and rides and picnics where we can
fish for trout.
At school we always do our best tho' sometimes
we do fail,
And when the teachers scold us, like ghosts'
shadows we look pale.
They don't seem to have a notion how much we
like to play,
Instead of studying hard lessons, and looking wise
all day.
We love to be together and despite all they
say
We're a jolly four, Violet, Gertrude, Ynez and
May.
One morning, very early, before the sun was
up
We rose and found the dew on every butter
cup,
Far, far out to the hills we flew, and left lessons
out of sight,
And there we stayed till the sun went down and
darkness claimed the night.

—M. B. '07



FACULTY

Miss M. Cleery	Miss V. Cornish
Miss L. Diesem	
Prof. C. Hinchey	Prof. G. W. Warren

THE SOTOYOMAN

Salutatory Address

It is with feelings both of joy and sadness that we meet you here tonight. We are glad to feel that you take enough interest in us to honor us by being present at our Commencement exercises, but it is with sorrow that we realize this to be the end of our High School days. O would that these days could be extended a brief space longer! but they cannot. This is the day of our final exit from school life. Our task is done. It was a long task but it has been successfully completed. And now we must pass on and leave room for others. We have no longer a place or a right in the dear old school room. Truly, those have passed away and they have been happy days, most of them very happy.

Who among you cannot remember the day when you first started to the primary school, and how many times the teacher told you that 2 and 2 did not make 5, and how hard it was to make that "W" in your copy-book? Then you passed into the higher grades and how proud some one among you felt when the teacher gave the prize for having the highest percent on your examination papers. Then came the last days at grammar school when your schoolmates recited pieces and perhaps you helped in singing a song and what a proud moment it was when the teacher presented you with your certificate of promotion. You remember hurrying home and showing it to father and mother. Yet you were rather sorry you had passed the eighth grade because you had had so much fun playing prisoner's base, black man, sheep-in-my-pen and other games, but you thought of the High School days coming and that cheered you.

And when in the September of that year you found yourself a Freshman how pleased you felt with the world and with yourself. You looked around on your fellow Freshmen and smiled and then your gaze wandered from them to the Sophomores and you smiled again. The Sophomores returned your smile with a laugh. What was it in that laugh that made you feel uncomfortable? You found out only too soon. Therein dwells the difference between grammar school and High School—the upper classes always laugh at, patronize, and even ignore the First Year Class. Sophomores do most of the laughing for they feel very relieved to know they have passed be-

yond that green and fresh stage. They accordingly think it is their duty to enlighten the Freshmen upon all points of school law and order. By way of doing this, they proceed to misinform and misdirect poor verdant Freshie in every conceivable way so that he may unwittingly make a fool of himself for the edification of the "jolly Sophomores." How those Sophomores did enjoy themselves and often at your expense! This made you timid and the teacher found it hard to get you to recite, and when the principal came in to give a lecture upon discipline, how the Sophomores laughed at your respectful attention and if the principal made a joke how much harder they laughed. Oh, they were happy artful sinners, those Sophomores!

You stood more in dread of them than of the Juniors or Seniors. The Juniors smiled at you kindly, but patronizingly, though they did create wonderful and ghastly fumes in the laboratory and open the door to let them in your face just as you passed by; still they did it with a quiet smile as if to say, "Dear Freshman we are sorry, but it is necessary." The Seniors were always pleasant; often helpful or else indifferent—anyway they did not trouble you.

Then the next turn came and you were "jolly Sophomores" yourselves. How energetically you went about choosing class colors and a motto and a class president. You must have by-laws, a class paper, and a class pin too, to be in style. And O! how mean you were to the Freshmen and what a dreadful record in deportment you made! But you had a very good time and that was all you cared about in those days.

Once more the term ended and the next began and you found yourself a Junior. The Juniors had always impressed you as being sedate and unconsciously you assumed a more orderly and serious manner. Your "jolly Sophomore" days had gone by, you sighed a little but applied yourself to your studies and though you often had a little fun in the laboratory yet your deportment was seldom complained of. And so the quiet Junior days sped by.

Then the Senior year came for you and it has come for us. We can look back with you on the days when we also were "timid Freshmen," "jolly Sophomores," and "studious Juniors." Natur-

ally, though perhaps, unconsciously, our view of school life and people in general has broadened. We don't pick out certain persons for dislike. We are personally interested in each other and in each other's ambitions. We don't attempt to be defiant or over-familiar with our teachers; friendship exists between us and them. There is pleasant intercourse between us and the other classes. The days speed by quickly. We have struck the happy medium between Sophomore jollity and Junior studiousness. We both work and play. We have greater class loyalty and more school spirit. We are eager to see all school interests promoted and increased.

Our days are full of interest and work and play and they seem to rush by until we find the time has come for us to prepare for graduation. We are busier than ever and finally preparations are completed and we find ourselves here before you tonight.

Those among you who have had a similar experience can understand our feelings; how this moment has been looked forward to with a great deal of excitement and dread. For a long time we have looked forward to this day, but we have only taken a passing glimpse beyond. Our courage has failed us at that point. How can we look beyond? We don't know what life holds for us. It may be the bitter misery and pain; it may be joy and success; it may be both. We cannot tell how it will be with us, and you could not tell how it would be with you, but like ourselves you trusted you could face the ups and downs of real life with as much courage and as equally satisfactory results as you had faced the ups and downs of school life. We know that you wish us all the success that we wish ourselves and once more we would like to say that we are glad you have honored us with your attention.

Dorothy Kent

=====

Class History.

The class of '07 will continue to hold its place as the greatest of all the High School classes, not only great in the annals of good lessons but in the literary as well as in the artistic line. The record of the four years' period of their work in school is a memorable monument of their learning, perseverance and success.

The old homestead in which the class of '07 was born September 14, 1903, is now, no more; '07's early infancy was passed at the old mansion of learning from which many bright and shining lights had previously graduated. The great ambition of the youthful Freshmen of '07 was to make a name for themselves in their high school work. Of course they were not exempt from the hardships which usually beset a Freshmen class, and as a result out of a large class of twenty-six only five girls and two boys emerged triumphant.

Their early career was exceptionally fortunate. They succeeded in mastering their lessons, and finally, after being subjected to various indignities, succeeded in conquering their enemies and making them their friends.

The first few weeks the poor Freshmen trembled with fear when they were told to sit in the

same room with the Sophomores, who, having been through the "war," decided to make it lively for their "green" little neighbors. The new-comers looked upon "Sophs" as highly superior to themselves, and, especially the girls, regarded their teachers with awe as they were not used to gentlemen instructors. Then, too, when they stood up to recite and were forced to lean upon their desks for support, they were immediately told to stand up; this was fearsome but it was nothing compared with the amused titter of the Sophomores. These were a few of the indignities suffered by those young martyrs. For about a year the Sophs continued to harass the poor, weak, green, little Freshmen, then they, remembering their own youthful days, began to refrain from tittering and were content with staring.

Young '07 early displayed talents fitted as well for pranks as for lessons. Their first training was under the Sophs. This discipline was principally in polishing up their manners. Though somewhat humiliating, nevertheless the Freshmen were willing to learn so they too might some day have the pleasure of initiating the coming Freshmen in high school manners and customs.

In their very green days they studiously learned



VIOLETTA MAYES.



CORA CRAIG.



GERTRUDE COFFMAN.



BERT McDONOUGH.



DOROTHY KEET.



YNEZ WHITNEY.



JESSIE SKEER.



MAY BANKS.



RODNEY MCCLURE.



HILDA KEET.



WILL WILSON.

MAUGHTON
PHOTOS.

their lessons, never whispered in school, and never were tardy because it was against the rules. Such follies of youth they in due time outgrew.

'07 as Sophomores were afflicted with frivolous pursuits which they fortunately soon recovered from. They had countless class meetings, parties and picnics and indulged in a continuous round of gayety until not only their studies but their healths was endangered. They were not entirely a bad class. Their worst fault was laughing at the "Freshies." How they laughed at the mistakes of those poor unfortunates and how they strutted about the room as a walking example of knowledge gained by experience!

They had one marked trait,—that of returning "evil for evil." They did not believe in turning the other cheek when struck. When the old enemies, the Sophs, who were now Juniors, stole their picnic dinner, and ice cream, did they not wait patiently their time? Then when the Juniors had a picnic did they not countermand the order for the conveyance to return for them, and did not the Juniors stay out in the cold until a lumber wagon was secured from a near-by farmer? Yet the '07's were ready to forgive and when they had gotten "even" did they not drop all ill-feelings?

The greatest pang suffered by the '07 in their Sophomore year was the loss of their dear English and History teacher. Many bitter tears were shed over their disappointment. They looked forward with dread to the arrival of their new teacher. What would he be like? Would he be cross? Such were the questions they asked each other.

Upon becoming Junior the '07's had a more serious complaint, a childish ill which if not cured would have led to their early death. This was the annoying but common habit of "giggling." This habit which was restrained all day would break its bounds and give free vent to its feelings in the "Lab." much to the annoyance of their dear Professor. He severely told them of a story he once read in which a poor girl giggled herself into a madhouse and from there into her grave. Poor '07 frightened at this terrible would-be calamity, and vainly struggling with their burdens of—"If two angles and the included side of the one is equal to the two sides and included angle of the other"—soon recovered from this dangerous habit and became "sober, steadfast, and demure." Having now arrived at years of discretion, there are no more youthful follies to record, yet their achievements are especially great.

The particular shining light of the Healdsburg High School during their Junior year was the boys' football team and two of the best on the team were from '07. Then, too, in track work did not '07 have one of the best athletes in school? And if they did not win the inter-class meet, it was only on account of the scarcity of men. Alas, girls' basket ball was introduced into High School by the new English teacher, with one of the girls were from the class of '07.

The Junior year was an eventful one for '07. They welcomed to their midst a charming young lady teacher in English and History—the first lady to be their instructor in High School. The girls as well as the boys were overjoyed. Then, too, did not this class have the best debater and the best artist in the High School? This class had also distinguished themselves in school, not only in the lines just mentioned, but in music, in literature and in athletics as well. As a whole '07 in its Junior year was an illustrious class with only a remaining fault that was the eating habit which was indulged in so often that it almost contracted chronic indigestion. This unfortunate habit so grew upon the class that it remained with them in the last years of their school days.

Their forgiving spirit is beautifully illustrated by their act of kindness in planning a charming reception for their old enemies, the now departing Senior's (who were once the monstrous "Soph.>"). This was the last event of importance to be recorded in their eventful Junior year.

Upon becoming Seniors, '07 went to school in a more beautiful, but not dearer building than the one occupied by them in their infancy. Many were the tears shed for the dear old birth-place upon the site of which was to rise a beautiful new structure.

The Senior year of '07 though eventful, was yet not the happiest. Too much spirit, which unfortunately was not "class spirit" was displayed and then too, they lost one of their most promising classmates.

One of the happiest events in '07's Senior year, was the distinction of having one of their members win first place in the shot-put at the S. M. A. A. L. Then too, the editor of the High School paper, "The Sotoyoman," as well as a number of the staff, were from the Senior class. The editorship of this paper had been in the '07 class since the beginning of its publication. Their success can well be vouched for in the newspaper line.

In fact in the fourth year the '07's were at the

(Continued on Page Twenty-Five.)



Floyd Bailey, Captain Basket Ball Team
 Aubrey Butler, Captain Basket Ball Team
 Violet Mayes, Manager Girls Athletics

Ynez Whitney, President Class '07
 Dallas Wagers, President Class '08
 Una Williams, President Class '09
 Chester Ferguson, President Class '10

Dorothy Kent, Editor in-Chief
 Homer Coolidge, Mgr. Boys Athletics
 Edward Beesen, Captain Track Team

JINGLES.

A Sophomore's Opinion of a Senior

I.

They're big and tall and lanky
 They think that they are it,
 Sometimes they're awful cranky
 They're not nice a bit!
 Then they have an awful lot of gall,
 I don't like those Seniors, they're not
 nice at all!

II.

They pass us by each day,
 With their heads up in the air,
 And they push us out of the way
 We're Sophs and they don't care!
 And then at noon and recess you'd
 think they owned the Hall
 I don't like those Seniors, they're not
 nice at all!

III.

If when passing to and fro
 We meet upon the stairs,
 The Seniors frown and scold so
 As if the place were theirs,
 They think that we don't need no room,
 Just because we're small.
 I don't like those Seniors, they're not
 nice at all!

But when a fellow's feeling sore
 And the teachers all are mad,
 You meet a Senior at the door
 And they feel so awfully bad,
 They put their arms around you and pet you
 in the hall,
 I do like those Seniors' they're nice
 after all!

Theo Brown, '09.

Contemplation and Realization

I.

Ever since we entered high school
 It has been our one delight
 To plan when we'd be seniors,
 So dignified and bright.

II.

Of course we'd surely know it all,

That was a settled fact,
 Angels too we'd no doubt be
 And wings were all we'd lack.

III.

No one could call us "grouchy,"
 We never would get blue;
 And every one would marvel
 To see how much we knew.

IV.

And when at last the day had come—
 The day to graduate—
 Our wildest hopes would all come true
 What a happy, happy state!

V.

But now that we are Seniors
 We've learned a thing or two,
 It isn't quite so jolly now,
 Since we are nearly through.

VI.

It is true we are supposed
 To have a **little** knowledge,
 Some of us will have enough
 To go away to college.

VII.

But in deportment we are bad,
 Which makes the teachers sigh,
 And the marks upon our cards
 Are enough to make us cry.

VIII.

As the day at last draws near
 That we've waited for so long
 It's pretty hard for us
 To sing the High School song.

IX.

For after all, school life is great,
 With it's pleasures and pain,
 And when we finally are through
 We'll wish we were back again.

Peggy, '07.

Mary's Little Ring

I.

Mary Gertrude had a ring
 A diamond as you know,

(Continued on Page Twenty-Two.)

Influence of Commercial Activity.

Commerce has been an essential feature in the economic life of all civilized nations. It has wielded an influence which has spread intelligence throughout the world, and has now reached a condition in which it has very closely allied itself with all the important functions of national life. To a certain extent this must be so, or each nation would live largely within itself and be circumscribed by its own limited boundaries. Commerce, as it has evolved from primitive times, has been productive of great extremes of wealth, but especially has this been emphasized at the present time; while at the same time it has been the means of promoting civilization, progress, and power, as is now manifest in the great nations of the world. This is essentially an age of progress, not in the literary field, in arts and in sciences alone, but in commerce as well. It is necessary in the brief time given for the discussion of a subject of this character to give a cursory review of the past, and thus connect it with the present.

The Crusades left a lasting impress upon the nations of Western Europe. Although keeping the whole continent in a turmoil for two centuries, and being destructive of so much treasure and attended with so great a loss of life, yet the benefits intellectually, social, and politically were such as to add greatly to the progress and development of all Europe. It was the cause of the abolishment of feudalism and the foundation of more strongly centralized governments. Its effects upon social life were important, and its influence is felt even yet in our modern society. But its influence intellectually was especially marked, for it stimulated learning, geographical study, and travel. Not only was the spirit of commerce with the Orient aroused and the waters whitened with the sails of merchantmen plying their vocation between Europe and the far east, but a spirit of discovery was also developed by which this eastern trade might be carried on more advantageously.

The result was the discovery of the New World. And thus through succeeding history we see a constant reaching out for new fields to extend trade. During the last half century these activities have been continually on the increase, each nation spurred on in its competition with the other great nations of the world until we see

our own favored country gaining the supremacy. England at one time endeavored to hold this place by restricting her colonies in trade—yes, even prohibiting them from engaging in trade with any save the mother country. But an intelligent people will break its own intelligence break the bonds of tyranny and blaze for itself a new way. And so we see the birth of a new nation which, with its shackles of oppression broken, steps forth into a new life and marks out for itself an independent career. Never has a nation risen so rapidly in wealth, in influence, and in power. The size and number of its seaports attest to the extent of its commerce. The United States has developed more time and greater talent to the study of economic conditions than any other nation, and as a result we see greater strides made in industrial progress.

Commerce is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the activities today among the great nations of the world. It has led to great development along all industrial lines, as is shown by the United States, a comparatively new country. Our manufactures are twice the value of those of her old rival, England, which but a short time ago led the world. Our mineral products annually equal the value of the mineral products of the rest of the world. We have forty per cent of the total railroad mileage of the world and are the greatest exporters. The great extent of railway systems, the building of expensive canals, and the Panama canal, the construction of the sixteen-million-dollar dam across the Nile for irrigation purposes, show the many things in our economic life which the urgency of the times demands. Among other material results of this activity, we have the increased productivity and diversified industries of the world, which never could have reached their present state of development were it not for the great demand which has arisen in the commercial field. Great benefits have accrued from an extended commerce with the different peoples and nations of the world, by bringing each into closer contact with the manners and customs of the others. Thus they are able to understand each other better, and to treat more rationally with them, whereby a more harmonious feeling has been brought about, which strongly tends to elevate both morally and politically.

There are some dangerous features that have been creeping into commercial activity in the last few years that are not entirely progressive in their tendencies. In the acquisition of new territory by the leading nations, the first question is with reference to commercial relations, and this is not decided purely on humanitarian grounds, for an element of greed has been too plainly manifest within the last few years. The spirit of the age is to grow rich quickly. This brings about an unhealthy condition wherever it is found and strikes at the very root of a democratic government, for where great wealth becomes controlled by the few this same wealth is used to corrupt. We see examples of this around us today. It is a truth borne out by economists that where people have suddenly acquired wealth, the tendency is to ape those who are already rich by a lavish display of wealth; a spirit of speculation, fraud, and embezzlement is promoted.

The great tendency in the commercial world today is centralization. This is seen in the combining of great corporations into trusts, the evil effects of which are so keenly felt. This has done more to centralize wealth than any other cause. Its tendencies are not progressive, but on the contrary, such a condition of things cannot long exist in a free government, and that government remain pure, for with great wealth comes luxury, which in turn produces degeneracy. This has been the case with many of the great nations of the past. It will be no less so with ours, for with the rapid accumulation of wealth selfishness correspondingly increases. Commercial activity has increased until it is no longer confined within its legitimate bounds, but has reached out for greater fields where wealth can be accumulated on a still greater scale. The illegitimate methods are familiar to all. These trusts do not hesitate to corrupt legislatures, courts, juries, and judges, and wield a power that is becoming more and more oppressive and dangerous to our nation's interests. When confined within its legitimate bounds, commerce is a great civilizer, but when the greed of oppression gains the ascendancy, then it fails in its important function in the government.

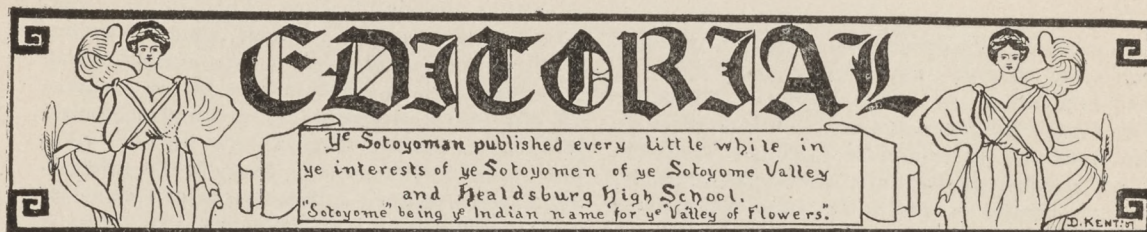
So great and so varied are the branches of commerce and its unprecedented growth, that special preparation is necessary to grasp the details and at the same time successfully manipulate this gigantic branch of industry. Business schools all over the land have been established to meet this need, and their numbers and their suc-

cess attest to their efficiency. This branch of education which has been so long neglected in our public schools, and gives a preparation which fits students along business lines for an entrance directly into commercial life, is now recognized by leading educators as a practical part of education needed by the masses. Many of the universities have established a Department of Commerce that the intricacies of commerce may become more familiar to those who desire to take advanced work along these lines. It is evident that a business course contains as much disciplinary value as that claimed for any other course. Do not the problems continually arising in commercial transactions call for as strenuous thought as those along other lines of education? I wish here to quote from one who knows the relative value of the various kinds of education: "To the thoughtful person it should be easily seen that there is as much development of the mind in a study of shorthand as there is in the study of most foreign languages. The study of book-keeping requires as much thought and mental discipline as that of algebra." This branch of education does not supplant but supplements.

In this connection I wish to speak of stenography and its close relation to all lines of business. It is acknowledged that this branch of business training offers the greatest opportunity for advancement, as the stenographer is brought more closely in touch with his employer than would be possible in any other capacity. By carrying on the correspondence of his employer, if, with the proper preparation, he has tact and ability, he soon becomes an indispensable factor in the business. Such men as Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Geary, who has lately assumed the position made vacant by the death of R. X. Ryan, are prominent examples. These men both began as stenographers and gradually rose to the responsible positions which they now hold. There comes a time in the life of everyone when the opportunity for advancement is laid before him. It is then that the need of a proper training is most keenly felt. In all the offices where business is carried on extensively we find the stenographer, now considered a vital part of the working force. Thus we see new economic conditions created to meet the exigencies of the strenuous times in which we are living.

Both domestic and foreign commerce have undergone great changes in the last few years. There is a tendency in the commercial world, on

(Continued on Page Twenty.)



PAST EFFORTS

We have come to our final editorial and the last number of the Sotoyoman for this semester. We hope that our past efforts have proved satisfactory. We have done our best—man can do no more—to make the Sotoyoman entertaining, enjoyable and interesting, and trust that we have partially succeeded. The work has often been hard and unpleasant things will happen in connection with it, but never once has it lacked interest for us and we believe our readers have been interested also. The students, on the whole, have supported their paper loyally. They have taken an active interest in it and lent material aid.

We are glad to note this loyalty and good feeling among the students. For the comparatively modern growth of this we can thank Raymond Welch. In September, 1905 he joined the Junior class and was soon at work organizing an Associated Body of Students and a Congress for Detating. These are both powerful agents in leveling up and bringing together the classes and in promoting an imperial school spirit. We earnestly hope they may continue to live and receive the hearty support of the students.

The Sotoyoman has also aided in this good work. It came into being at the same time as the students' association and congress. Miss Cornish, our English teacher, suggested that we should attempt to have a school paper and she took an active part in getting out the first editions. Thurman Wisecarver, '06, was our first editor, but he had to resign on account of sickness and Volney Hull, '07, became editor. '07 is congratulating itself that the paper has been in its class ever since. The Sotoyoman has been an object of common interest and like the school song it has encouraged the growth of school patriotism.

PRESENT PROSPECTS

Perhaps some of the Freshmen and Sophomores do not yet know the words to their school song. We have printed them in this issue. Now is your opportunity to

learn them. Read the by-laws of the Associated Body of Students and of the H. H. S. Congress, at the same time. Get a good idea of what these organizations are for, and then lend them your support. Have enterprise, and let your classes be known for their progressive spirit and organizing ability. There is plenty of room for fresh activity. Literary Societies; Dramatic and Glee Clubs; High School Orchestras; Opening Exercises; Interscholastic Debates; any or all of these could be organized in our High School. You have made a good record in Athletics this year, the Sophomores especially. We hope you will keep this record up and will also progress along this line. You have a river here. Why not have boat racing or swimming matches. And now you have introduced tennis and revived base ball, keep them going; give them your hearty support.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

This month there are thousands of young men and young women graduating from High Schools all over the United States. Most of them are enthusiastic, ambitious, hopeful, eager to enter into the field of life. The world is all gates for those who can open them; all opportunities for those who can make use of them. All things lie before us if we will but see them, hear them, strive to possess them.

"Your future, fortunate graduate"—some noted man says, "like a great block of white marble, stands untouched before you. You hold the chisel and mallet, your ability, your education, in your hands. There is something in the block for you and it lives in your ideal. Shall it be angel or devil? What are your ideals as you stand on the threshold of active life? Will you smite the block and shatter it into an unshapely hideous piece; or, will you cull out a statue of usefulness, of grace and beauty, a statue which will tell the future generations, the story of a

noble life?"

We go out into life, as Freshmen once more, as Freshmen in the school of life! A school for new struggles, new achievements, new aspirations. We must struggle onward and upward with very little assistance and often all the world opposed to us. If we know we are in the right this struggle will not be hard. It will not be drudgery if our education is to be of any use to us. For it is education which helps people to see the real meaning in their daily work.

Fellow-graduates, whatever our hands find to do let us do with our might—let us throw our whole soul into it. Let us remember that lukewarm water will never run an engine. Follow Napoleon's example. Determine what it is you are created to do; how much effort you must put forth to carry out this supreme aim; plan every step of the way, and then commence to put your theory into practice. Look at your neighbor, the one who has no definite aim or object in life! What a shiftless ambitionless individual he is. You are not going to follow his example. You are going to have a resolute aim, a definite object in life. Once you have made this decision you will find yourself a different creature. Your slumbering faculties will awake, your ideals become living realities. You will be known among men, for you have chosen to be the opposite of your shiftless neighbor, to "Be not like dumb driven cattle." You choose to "Be a hero in the strife."

If you have any inspiration don't let it grow cool. Today's inspirations are for today. Tomorrow there will be fresh ones. It is intended that we should use these impulses and inspirations while fresh, execute them while the inclination is hot. If we let our inspirations cool, our character will deteriorate in a like degree.

Do the thing you have set your heart on, if it is within the limits of possibility. Have a fixed purpose, stick to it, and work by a fixed program. It will steady the force of your character and strengthen your power to achieve. Unconsciously you will be nearing the goal of success but, "No life is successful," says Lillian Whiting, "until it is radiant. A man has no more right to go about unhappy than he has to go about ill-bred." Therefore let us determine to be successful—and happy.

And now we must put by the pen that has written this and say good-bye to
FAREWELL! our school and our schoolmates.
This number completes Volume
II, and will be the eighth edition. Had our

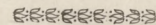
staff been organized earlier we might have had ten editors. We hope you will next term. It seems to us that as the Sotoyoman is arranged for by the Student's Association and it is their journal, they should keep one number of every edition on file. It would be interesting for future classes to refer to and then too, they could note their own improvement as the years go by.

The Sotoyoman was glad to have the assistance and contributions of a few of the Alumni. Several times throughout the year they have aided us. Mervin Silverstien, '03, has helped us considerably with the cuts. Canduce Wagers, '05, lent her aid in procuring Alumni notes and Charles Widlund, '06, has written us some comic poems. We are glad to feel they are still interested in the High School. The Sotoyoman is their as much as it is ours. We are glad to receive their contributions and would like to hear from more of them.

There will be changes in the school next year both among the faculty and the order of things. We can here bid farewell to those teachers who are leaving us and to the old school and our schoolmates. Good luck we will always wish you as we say "Good-bye"—so

"Here's to our classmates the best on earth,
Here's to the school we love!"

FAREWELL! our school and our schoolmates.



Senior School Notes

Mary G. Coffman invested in a pair of shoes during the last month. Her classmates hope the investment will prove to have been prudent.

D. Kent, (nee "Fuzzy Wuzzy"), was absent several days on account of a bad attack of heart failure. The faculty is glad to see her back.

On May 7, 1907, V. Verna Mayes attended a temperance lecture. Her friend waited outside.

A serious accident was avoided last week by the merest chance—Bertram McDonough almost smiled faintly.

R. Nathaniel McClure enjoyed an automobile trip to the South Sea Islands with a party of friends.

Ynez Whitney, (alias "Tum Cum Cicero"), is prepared to give all kinds of information concerning Poet's Corner on Westminster Abbey, having made a careful study of the same in the Literary Digest. She has all the back numbers for reference.

Class Will '07.

On this twenty-seventh instance, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and seven, We, the undersigned, being of sound mind and possessed of good reasoning powers, do herein state the last will and testament of the aged and much abused Class '07, to be executed as follows:

First—To all the Seniors who come after us we leave our old desks together with all the carvings and ink spots there on, also any old pencils, pens, etc., that may be found after our demise.

Second—To the incoming Seniors we bequeath the dignified title of "Senior" all our lost inspirations, shattered ideals, and our undying class spirit.

Third—To the hungry Juniors, anything good to eat that they may be able to beg, borrow or appropriate from the other classes.

Fourth—To the Chemistry class all apparatus including broken test tubes, flasks and explosive bunsen burners, and such chemicals as may remain after our strenuous campaign in the laboratory. Also our much-soiled and delapidated aprons, towels and scrubbing brushes.

Fifth—To the innocent little "Freshies" we will our brilliant examples of deportment and a small amount of our dignity.

Sixth—To the H. H. S. some of our old textbooks which we hope will serve as examples of neatness to those who follow in our wake.

Seventh—To the Faculty, peace and quiet after four years of strenuous labors; also all mislaid reference books.

Eighth—To the junior, all books left upon our desks, pencils which have fallen on the floor and an abundance of scratch paper and pencil shavings.

Ninth—To all Freshies, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors, those awful tests. (Strive to excell for by so doing you will always do your best.)

To this will in the presence of proper witnesses, we do hereby set our hand and seal on this twenty-seventh day of June, nineteen hundred and seven.

—Class '07.

Witnessess:

Dorothy Kent,
Gertrude Coffman.

Influence of Commercial Activity.

(Continued From Page Seventeen.)

account of the strife between the nations to dominate, to subordinate the ethical features of the question. It is well-known that the higher wants are obliged to cater to the material in a way that is not productive of the nation's greatest good. Whenever appropriations are desired, it is too frequently necessary to show that it will be productive of material benefits, rather than fostering any of those things which go to elevate intellectually. May we not look to a time when the abuses that now exist in the commercial world will be remedied? This will be brought about with the inculcation of higher ethical standards—a development of the humane sentiments in all classes. There is in our government a dangerous tendency toward placing material satisfaction too high and neglecting too much the higher wants of man's nature. "There should be

no contradiction between ethics and economic life and that ethics demands a truly civilized life for each individual" which will give him the most complete development of all his faculties.

—William G. Wilson.

=====

DEATH

When Christ is spoke the sweetest name
That Christian lips can frame
Is "Death," a peace and sweet content,
Which Life ne'er yet to us has lent.
Only an hour of countless time
'Till with our dead in Heavenly clime,
We'll be; Man's senseless sorrows then are naught
Nor his success, though dearly bought.
"Fear not death," I say to thee,
"For Life's beginning it shall be!"

—Ynez Whitney, '07.

Elsie says she does not really mean to be coquettish.

Music in Education.

The new piano, it is hoped, is one step toward the realization of a plan which is being fostered by those interested in educational matters in Sonoma County—that of introducing a musical course into the High Schools. At the last meeting of the Teachers' Institute a committee representing the five different High Schools met to consider the advisability of securing the services of a competent teacher, to be maintained at the common expense, who might divide his time proportionately among the different schools. This plan has been tried with success in other communities, notably in Santa Clara county. It is hoped this will lead ultimately to each school supporting its own separate teacher. Preliminary to the realization of this plan it was well understood that the patrons of the schools must be interested and made to appreciate the value of music in the school curriculum.

Those who fail to realize the educational value of music need to be reminded that the function of the public school is to train for good citizenship, and that the best citizen is he who is developed morally, intellectually, and physically. The moral phase is given first place because it is unquestionably the most vital. If the school does not train the morals then it has failed signally in one of its most precious opportunities. In the training of the moral sense music is a powerful ally as it aids in the discipline of the emotions. It is quite as essential to develop the emotions rightly as it is to develop the intellect; for whatever the conquests of reason have been in history, those prompted by emotion have been greater. Ill-regulated emotion has caused nearly all the unhappiness and despair the world has ever known. This disciplinary value of music has long been recognized, the governments of Europe for centuries past having considered it one of the most important features of the school curriculum. The well-known fact of the rarity of corporal punishment in the schools of Prussia is attributed to the influence of music. Its efficiency in discipline is further illustrated by its world-old use in the army. Its effect is unifying, inspiring.

Again, there can be no true culture without an inculcation of the love of the beautiful. Music, of all the arts, is the most wide-spread. Its universality is shown by the fact that in all time,

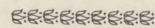
all races, from the most savage, have expressed themselves in some form of music and felt its influence. This influence has been deep and abiding in furnishing enjoyment ever since the world was young. The pursuit of happiness has long been considered one of the incalculable rights of man. So true is this that it is widely acknowledged that the stability of government depends upon the contentment of its people.

Nations

European nations have again shown their wisdom by providing music for the masses for centuries past. No doubt more reasons than one enter into the motives of the good citizens of Healdsburg in providing weekly concerts in our pretty little plaza. Contentment and prosperity go hand-in-hand. It is true also that pleasure and interest accompanied each other on their way to advancement. Music makes school-life more cheerful and adds to the enjoyment of the students. This will help along over many a difficult path. The old saying about all work and no play making a dull boy of Jack arose out of this very truth.

Music has a softening and refining influence. It broadens and deepens the sympathies. It has a mystical influence over the young. This is well-recognized in the home and in the church. Let us have it in the school!

—Vesta M. Cornish.



B. A. A. Entertainment

A most enjoyable evening was spent at Fox's Hall, June 7th. As the athletic season was nearly over the boys felt that some effort should be made to remove the small debts incurred during the year so they decided to give an entertainment for that purpose.

A musical program followed by a short comedy was heartily enjoyed by all. Music was then furnished and all who desired danced until a late hour. During the evening, Dr. Kinley gave an interesting talk on athletics, containing his plans in that line for the coming year and especially encouraging the boys to make an attempt to win at least one of the cups during the celebration here the 4th and 5th of July.

The boys wish to take this occasion to thank those who helped them.

JINGLES.

(Continued From Page Fifteen.)

Wherever Mary Gertrude went
Her diamond went also.

II.

We asked her who had given it her,
But this she wouldn't tell,
We didn't really want to know
For we could guess quite well.

III.

She wears it here to school each day
And often do we linger,
Besides her desk, to see that ring
Upon her dainty finger.

IV.

And when she thinks that no one's round,
Why every little while,
She gazes on her pretty ring
And you should see her smile!

Five little serior girls,
All jolly little lasses,
With pretty frocks and bright curls,
Unrived in all classes.
On was Dorothy Lucy Kent,
Another Mary Gertrude on mischief bent.
A third was jolly little May,
And Violetta who studied hard (?) all day,
Then Ynez, the learned (?), Ynez the wise(?)
Who "Tum Cum Cicero," often cries.
O! be as still as any mouse,
There's a Wilson in the house,
Not a dolly, not a toy,
But a modest senior boy.

Little Mr. McClure
Did hunger endure,
Till he saw Mr. Hinchey's pie
Then he stuck in his thumb
And said, "What a good boy am I."

Little May, Little May,
Will thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine,
But sit at a desk

And write a nice Rhyme
And feed upon chewing gum all of the time.

Violet, the dear little girl,
Had a pretty curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good
And when she was bad she was horrid.

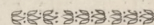
A boy and a girl in English class,
Were studying Milton and expected to pass.
Miss Cornish, the teacher, decided to see
Who in the class would not get E.
The cards were distributed by two and by four
And Homer's and Addie's fell down on the floor.

Ynez had a ten dollar waist,
Ten dollars so the story went,
'Twas made of very stretchy stuff,
They used it for a circus tent.
Violet and May in a hammock sat,
The hammock tipped over and they fell flat.
They picked themselves up with a ruffled air
And decided henceforth to set in a chair.

Tall and slender is Jessie Skee,
And she's as bright as she can be.
She's the one on who Prof. Hinchey dotes
For she is good and never writes notes.

Mary and Lucy side by side,
By all little rules they do abide,
Until some day without much ado,
For whispering the teachers will say "skiddo."

Hey-diddle-diddle!
Melville and his fiddle
Will presently give us a tune.
The Freshmen will laugh as if it were fun
And the Sophs and the Juniors will spoon.



Rules

1. Keep an eye on the waitress (and they did).
2. Anyone wishing to practice Basket Ball, will find a center in every room, (by geometry).
3. Please do not walk on the ceiling, as the paper is easily soiled.
4. In case of fire, ring your towel.

Prophecy For Class '07.

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

First Witch: Thrice the student's year hath closed.

Second Witch: Thrice and once 'tis closed again.

Third Witch: Commencement cries "'Tis time, 'tis time."

First Witch: Round about the cauldron go: In the dry old school books throw, Algebra, that was never done, Kept us working from nine till one; Roots and radicals strenuously got, Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All: Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: The fourteenth chapter of Ceasar take, In the cauldron boil and bake; Diet of Worms, and Napoleon's Wars, Edict of Nantes and Draco's Laws. Triangular block and circling ring And parallel pipeds are just in the thing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell—broth boil and bubble.

All: Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch: Medusa's head and Atlas bold, Tournaments of the days of old, Put the Ancient Mariner in, And Tam with his besetting sin, Shylock the unhappy Jew, Milton's L' allegro put in too, Lady Macbeth with her wily tricks, Tintoon Abbey, stones and bricks, A platform balance and a thread, A clamp, a breaker, and some lead, Make the gruel thick and slab, With student's mixtures from the lab: Add thereto a quart of collodion, For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All: Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: Cool it with the student's song. Then the charm is firm and strong.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec: O, well done! I commend your pains; And everyone shall share i' the gains: And now about the cauldron sing, Like Freshies and Juniors in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in.

(Hecate retires).

Second Witch: By the pricking of my tthumbs, Something wicked this way comes: Open, books, Whoever knocks!

Enter Father Time.

Father Time: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is't you do?

All: A deed without a name.

Father Time: I conjure you, by that which you profess, Howe'er you come to know it, answer me: Can you, O witches, by your mysterious art, Reveal to me the life and part, Of o7's class of the Healdsburg High, Their occupations as the years go bye, Will any tread the paths of fame? And carve for themselves a mighty name? Will any be known in the realms of song? Or their memory by the painter's brush prolong? Will mass of wealth by acquired by any; answer me To what I ask you.

First Witch: Speak

Second Witch: Demand

Third Witch: We'll answer

First Witch: Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths, Or from our visions?

Father Time: Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch: Pour in red ink that hath smeared The Student's productions; tears that were shed By the penitent culprit throw Into the flame.

All: Come, high or low; Thysself and office deftly show! Music, First Apparition.

Father Time: Who art thou, thou unknown shadow?

First Witch: She knows thy though: Hear her speech, but say thou nought.

First App: Oh, Father Time! 'tis Violet Mayes you see, Who teaches Physical Culture in a large academy.

(Descends).

Father Time: What e'er thou art, for thy good tidings thanks; Thou hast told my thought aright: but one word more,—

First Witch: She will not be commanded: here's another.

Music. Second apparition.

Second App: Pa Time! Pa Time! Pa Time!

Father Time: Had I three ears, I'll hear thee.

Second App: An actress I, and bold; a star Of brightest hue is the Cora Craig you knew.

(Descends).

Father Time: Hear I aright? Yet how not know thee? Thy brown eyes make assurance doubly sure.

Music. Third Apparition.

Father Time: Vision, who art thou, who dost look so learned?

Third App: To the High School students I was

known as May, But I've been a lawyer for many a day.

(Descends).

Father Time: Well pleased am I, a deep interest had I ever in thee, A successful career is the wish of all, with me.

Music. Fourth Apparition.

Fourth App: Father Time what would'st thou have with me?

Father Time: A glimpse of your life I should like to see, And learn what the future has in store for thee.

Fourth App: Rodney McClure, Dentist, is above my door. As for knowledge, about teeth, I'm up in the lore.

Father Time: And now he cheats people of teeth I see, As in the olden days he cheated me.

Music. Fifth Apparition.

Father Time: What fair shadow is this?

Fifth App: Miss Gertrude Coffman I used to be, I'm now Mrs. Highflyer Bumble Bee. In sweeping and dusting my talent lies, As well as in making cakes, and pies.

(Descends).

First Witch: Let this suffice, seek to know no more.

Father Time: I will be satisfied: deny me this And an eternal curse fall on you! Call me these: What waits for Jessie, and how fares Will G.

First Witch: Jess.

Second Witch: Jessie.

Third Witch: Jessica.

Sixth App: A clever inventor here you see, Of the latest typewriter without a key. To run this machine, is the greatest of fun, You simply talk, and the work's all done.

(Descends).

Father Time: A brilliant mark in the world you have made, Which puts other inventors quite in the shade.

First Witch: And now come forth thou shade of Will.

Second Witch: Come forth.

Third Witch: Come forth.

Seventh App: Obedient to your call I come, My cash, and bank notes amount to a sum. For I'm a business man shrewd and keen, As from my appearance may plainly be seen. And now to my business I must hie, For not a spare minute now have I.

(Descends).

Father Time: Where is he? Gone? Yet lo Here comes another, thoughtful and slow Who art thou, and on what dost so earnestly gaze? That not for

comes another, thoughtful and slow. Who art thou, one second your eyelids you raise?

Eighth App: I'm Inez Whitney of world renown, Thousands of ancient inscriptions I've found. Not only found, but read them aright, For I, as of old at Latin am bright.

(Descends).

Father Time: Show me now, Oh witches three, The future of mischievous Dorothy.

First Witch: Show!

Second Witch: Show!

Third Witch: Show!

All: Show his eyes, and please his heart; Come as a shadow, so depart!

Ninth App: I've come at their bidding, O Father Time, Many hours, and days, and years I spent, And my mind, and heart, to my work I bent, Ere the chair of illustrating was mine.

(Descends).

Sounds of martial music and bugle.

Father Time: Strange are the sounds which greet my ear, And is that a bugle call I hear? Who is't now that comes?

Tenth App: I'm Captain McDonough of a regiment brave, My one aim in life is my country to save. My foes I scatter far, and wide, And o'erwhelm them all in a mighty tide.

(Descends).

Father Time: Thou art bold and courageous my noble son, I'm proud of the exploits that you have done. And still there's one other that's not been sent, Where's my dear friend Hilda Kent?

First Witch: Appear, thou, the last of class of 'c7.

Second Witch: Appear.

Third Witch: Appear.

All: Appear.

Eleventh App: This, is a sample of the Kent hatchery Where there's many another like this one you see Chicks by the score, and eggs by the case, Brooders and incubators all over the place.

(Descends).

Father Time: Wondrous sight! And 'tis true For the charm of the witches, so skillfully made, Was potent enough to produce any shade.

First Witch: Ay, sir, all this is so; but—why Stand there so deep in thought? Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits, And show the best of our delights; I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antic round, That Father Time may kindly say Our duties did his welcome pay.

(Music, the Witches dance).

—CURTAIN—

Hilda Kent.

A Summer's Dream.

I.

Have you ever noticed on a warm summer's day,
The bare-foot boys that pass this way?
Running and jumping, each filled full of vim,
As a thrill of great pleasure passes through each
small limb;
While each face is tanned to a chestnut hue,
And grins with delight as it passes by you.

II.

Still filled full of pleasure and smiles of delight,
They turn the next corner and are out of your
sight;
What causes such happiness you may well ask,
For this is considered their lightest of tasks;
'Tis but a mile's walk to a clear sparkling pond
Of which these small Arabls are exceeding found.

III.

Cries of delight now arise from the pond,
And the new arrivals move hurriedly on;
'Tis the work of a moment themselves to undress,
And close up to the spring-board they eagery
press
Each anxiously waiting his coming turn,

That he might the cool sparkling waters churn.

IV.

Their day's pleasure is over and they are re-
turning,
While down on their heads the great sun is
burning;
Full many a day have they passed this way,
On the way to their harmless summer's play;
Not running and jumping as they had gone,
But with drooping heads they return from the
pond.

—Lloyd Bailey, '08.

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May, Peggy and Sue went to row

All went well until May lost her bow,  
Then they sailed on over the deep blue sea  
Until Peggy got stung on the neck by a bee.  
Then onward they glided o'er the shining wave,  
Until Sue got angry and began to rave.  
Then they all decided to homeward go,  
And some other day to finish their row.

—V. M. '07

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Class History.

(Continued from Page Thirteen.)

very prime of their life and their successes were almost without number—especially their effort in which they wished to leave a "nest egg" towards the new piano fund. The entertainment given for this purpose was a success both socially as well as financially.

Towards the close of their High School life, '07 became burdened with cares. After innumerable class meetings and many lengthy discussions they arranged their graduating exercises. It was decided to have a program not new to other schools, but new to Healdsburg. They planned to have an eloquent and well-known speaker from the University of California to address the class, together with the best musical talent of the town.

One of the saddest, and never-to-be-forgotten events happening in '07's Senior year, was the death of one of their new, but dearly beloved instructors. Not only the Seniors, but the entire High School united in this their common sorrow.

Another event in the eventful Senior year,

which was worthy of mention, was the reception given them by their old harassed neighbors, the Freshmen, now the mighty Juniors. It was a most charming and enjoyable affair and one which was highly appreciated by their '07 guests.

Then '07 arranged to have a class night which would be their last social function while in High School. This they wished to be an event long to be remembered by '07 as well as by their invited guests. Of their success you must judge for yourselves.

The last week of their school life was one entire week of plans and dissipation with their Commencement Exercises at the close and the Alumni reception before their now almost bewildered eyes. Never, never was there such an eventful week and if '07 had not been a well balanced class their heads would surely have been turned.

And when one considers all these things one cannot help in uniting to say that the class of '07 was the finest and most intellectual—(if not the largest)—class ever graduated from the Healdsburg High School.

Violetta Mayes, '07.

THE SOTOYOMAN

H. H. S. Alumni.

(S. Constance Cooke, '08)

Among the commercial students we have had with us during the past term, is Lillian Grove, '06. She intends to continue the business course next year.

The following have remained at their homes in this city: Candace Wagers, Alice Day, Jessie Smith, Ethel Woods, '05; Hazel Baker, Ella Bartlett, Daisy Silberstein, '04; Nina Luce, Ethel Ferguson, '06.

In attendance at the San Jose Normal, are Antoinette Luce, Ethel White, '05; Adelma Walters, '03; Vira Sandborn, '06.

Annie Doidge, Mamie Schwab, Ida Waterman, Constance Richards and Leota Wilcox, '04, after having completed their normal courses, hold efficient positions as teachers in this county.

The following of the Alumni are employed by their chosen profession of book-keeping: Lucile Belles, '03, Hartwood Lumber Co., San Francisco; Maude Robinson, '03, Santa Rosa; Lester McDonough, '06, San Francisco.

Harvey Frost, '03, Charles Widlund, '06, and Presley Mothorn, '06 are staying on the farms as of old. The two latter are frequently seen at our high school entertainments and athletic events, where their presence is appreciated.

Mervin Silberstein, '03, is one of Healdsburg's enterprising young business men.

The California University has claimed, among others, Fred Newsome, '04 (Theology), Cleveland Wisecarver, '05 (Civil Engineering), Charles Miller, '05, Ariel Will, '05 (Theology), Thurman Wisecarver, '06 (Law).

Chas. L. Nourey, '03, daily plies his trade as a plumber in the metropolis.

Of the students of the classes of '03 to '07, only one has chosen hospital work. She is Eva Smith, '04, and is just completing her course in one of San Francisco's homeopathic hospitals.

Florence M. Dargitz, '04, is located in Lodi, California.

Ethel Williams, '03, is now Mrs. R. Hamilton, of this city, Stella Williams, '04, is Mrs. Chas. Cake, of San Rafael, Agnes Day, '04, is Mrs. G. Gleason and resides in Iowa.

Henry Coffman, '05, is attending Stanford.

Florence Wright, '05, and Ruby Walker, '06, are

clerking in Rosenberg & Bush's dry goods establishment.

Bessie Wolfe, '06, has a position in the stationery store of W. W. Von Tillow.

Mable Goding, '06, is living in San Rafael, where she works in a tea store.

Victor Burnham, '03, is spending his vacation from University at his parents' home in Dry Creek Valley.

Russell Gallaway, '03, was one of the graduates of the '07 class in the Berkeley University. Thru his efficient work in the athletic circles he was admitted as a member of the society of the "Golden Bear," and of a class of over four hundred, was chosen chairman of the "senior week" committee on arrangements for graduation.

Milton Luce, '05, is in Berkeley.

Sarah Grove, '05, has been attending Normal in San Francisco and is now home on her summer vacation.

Music and Literary Program

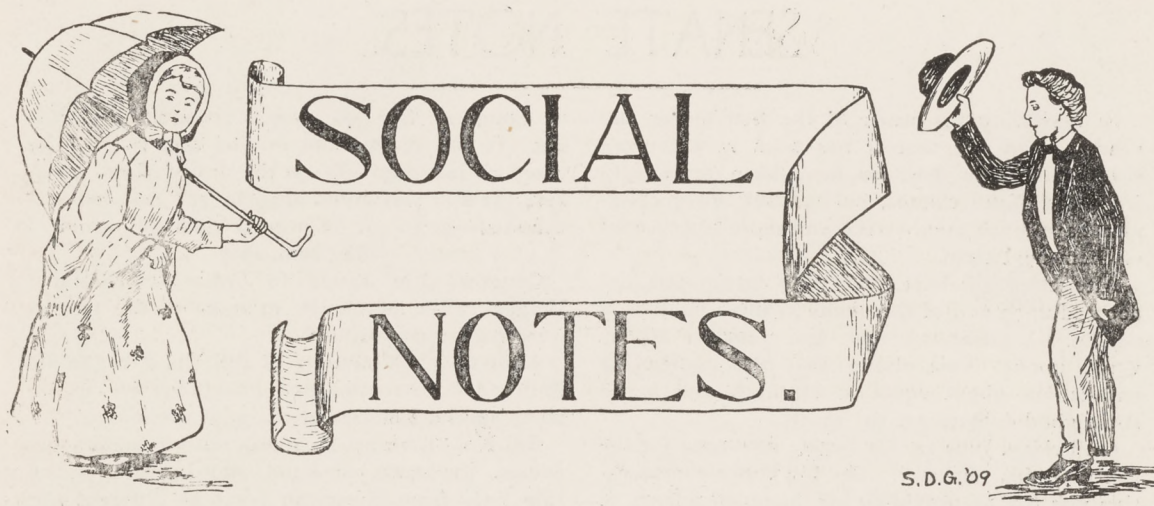
The debate on June 14th was followed by an interesting program rendered principally by the students. A number of visitors were present to honor us and the program was as follows:

Debate on the Philippine Question; song, "America," School; piano solo, "Pasquinade," Geneva Gladden; recitation, "How Did You Die," Jessie Skee; piano duet, "The Palms," Jessie Boss and Una Williams; recitation, "College Oil Cans," Rachael Fisher; violin solo, "Schubert's Serenade," Melville McDonough; piano duet, "Sounds From the Ohio," Hetty Kent and Renaldo Jeffrey; vocal solo, "Heart Bowed Down," Rodney McClure; piano solo, "Overture from William Tell," Tileta Lufkin; school song, school.

A thunder storm was in progress during part of the program, but it passed almost unnoticed, the hearers were so interested in the program.

Miss C.—"Why David Grove, where were you the night when we had the thunder storm?"

Remark from class—"Under the bed."



The Piano Benefit

A few months ago the student body decided to buy a new piano for the Assembly Hall, in order, among other things, to have opening exercises in the morning. The old piano was to be left in the hall for music, in marching. The Senior class, wishing to have a memorial to the school, planned an entertainment for the purpose of removing a portion of the debt. Friday evening, May 31, was chosen, and with the enthusiastic assistance of the other classes and their friends, they set about to make it a success.

The Freshmen displayed their usual artistic ability in the decorations, beautifying the grounds with Chinese lanterns and the assembly room and halls in the colors of the various classes. The Sophomores and Juniors arranged for the refreshments, which were served immediately after the program.

The program itself was delightfully interesting and many were the hearty encores received by those taking part. It consisted of the following selections:

Piano solo, "The Angelus," Hetty Kent; vocal solo, "Still as the Night," Miss Hewitt; reading, "Hiawatha," Mrs. Morse; cornet solo, "Santiago," Homer Coolidge; vocal solo, "A Breton Lullaby," Rodney McClure; violin solo, "Il Trovatore," Melville McDonough; vocal solo, "A Day Dream," Chester Ferguson; selection, "Golden Rod," Orchestra; vocal solos, "A Poſy Rare," "Mighty Lak' a Rose," Miss Miller; "The Mouse Traps," Mrs. Burton Harrison; comedietta, Addie Crispin and Edwin Kent.

We had not expected a large attendance on account of the short notice given and the other many other entertainments in town, but the Hall was filled and we were successful financially, having netted \$53. We wish to thank all those who aided us in making our entertainment a success. Mr. Von Tillow and Messrs. Skee and Harrison, were of considerable material aid to us and we are very grateful.

Dr. and Mrs. Kinley Entertain

Dr. and Mrs. Kinley entertained the base ball and girls' basket ball teams at their home on University street, Wednesday evening, June 12th. Owing to the enjoyable weather, outdoors seemed preferable and so beneath the trees were hammocks and cozy corners in all convenient places. Games were played, after which several piano selections were enjoyed, besides college songs, school yells, fortune telling and many other kinds of merrymaking.

By the time refreshments were served a late hour had been reached, and so they departed in the best of spirits, declaring that they had never spent a more delightful evening. Besides the teams, Mrs. Swisher, Misses Cleary and Cormish and Miss Tileta Lufkin were present.

The Junior Party

Thursday evening, May 23rd, the Juniors gave their classmate Rachel Fisher a most happy surprise in the form of a party. As Miss Fisher has before proven herself a most successful hostess and as the Juniors have proven themselves a delightful class to entertain the party was as happy an affair as could be imagined.

THE SOTOYOMAN SENATE NOTES.

In reviewing the work of the Senate for the year we can say that it has been in every way successful. The debaters have been principally from the upper classes, but several lower classmen have made good starts, and more is expected of them next term.

Altogether six bills have been introduced and debated upon and of this number, three have been passed, two defeated and one remains to be voted upon. This shows that the contending parties are about equal in strength and hence some good debates are the result.

On Friday, June 14, the Senate convened for the last time this semester. The bill under consideration was No. 12, providing for the independence of the Philippine Islands. This bill was introduced and signed by some of the best debaters in the Senate, namely—Roy Vitousek, Floyd Bailey and Edwin Kent.

The opposition, too, had a formidable array of orators, including Lewis Green, Addie Crispin, Kathleen Swisher, Audry Walters and Homer Coolidge. This was the last debate of the year and also the best.

Dallas Wagers, President.

NOTES OF CONGRESS

April 5th, 1907

Congress was called to order by President Wagers, after which the minutes of the previous Congress, and also of the call meeting were read and adopted. Bill No. 7, concerning Railroad Construction and the Postal Service, was given the second reading and then a motion was made and carried that this bill be made special business, after the Child Labor Bill (No. 10), had been completed.

The second reading of Bill No. 9, concerning Naval Appropriations followed. It was moved and seconded that this Bill be laid on the table indefinitely.

Congress then resolved itself in a committee of the whole for further discussion of the Child Labor Bill (No. 10).

The affirmative speakers were Vitousek, (Ill.); Green, (Kansas); Negative, Coolidge, (N. Y.); Ynez Whitney, (Ark.); Kent, (Alaska).

It was moved and seconded that the bill be referred favorably to Congress. The committee was then dissolved and after a brief discussion

by Congress, Bill No. 10 was given a third reading. It was moved and carried that the Bill be voted on in Congress. At the desire of the members the Bill was voted upon by roll call and was defeated—42 to 27. Congress then adjourned.

May 17th, 1907

Congress was called to order by President Wagers, after which the minutes of the session were read and approved.

After the third reading of Bill No. 7, regarding Railroad Construction and Postal Service, it was made special business at the next session.

Bill No. 11, an act to appropriate to some companies, \$3,750,000 to build and operate steamship lines from American ports to different foreign ports, was read, after which a discussion followed.

Floyd Bailey, (Arizona), took the affirmative standpoint, while Dorothy Kent, (Indiana) and Mr. Wilson, (Texas), argued from the negative view.

After the discussion a motion was made and carried for the second reading of Bill No. 11.

Congress then adjourned.

A special meeting of the H. H. S. Congress was called for the purpose of reading Bill No. 12, an act forming a Republic out of the Philippine Islands and giving them their freedom. This bill is to be used for discussion instead of Bill No. 7, at the last session of Congress this term.

June 14th, 1907

Congress was called to order by President Wagers and the minutes of the previous meeting and the special meeting were read and approved.

Bill No. 11, concerning Ship Subsidy, was read for the third time and voted upon. It was defeated by a large majority. Bill No. 12 was then given a second reading and a motion was made and carried to limit the time of speakers to five minutes. The Bill was then discussed. Speakers on the affirmative were Royal Vitousek, (Ill.); Audry Walters, (Nevada); Floyd Bailey, (Ariz.). Speakers on the negative were Lewis Green, (Kansas); Addie Crispin, (N. H.); Rodney McClure, (Mass.); Kathleen Swisher, (Texas); Homer Coolidge, (N. Y.).

It was then moved, seconded and carried that the bill be given a third reading, after which it was voted upon and defeated.



It is not with pleasure that we close our exchange department for this semester. This is one of the most pleasant departments in the organization of a school paper, although some unpleasant criticisms have to be made and are made on our own paper. But then this is what the department is for. If anyone can make a suggestion for the betterment of our paper we are always glad to receive it. We wish now to bid our exchanges a happy vacation and hope for their prompt return as soon as the fall term begins.

The April edition of the Oak is not quite up to the standard of the last number. The stories are short and good cuts are lacking. The josh and exchange departments are the redeeming features.

One of the best exchanges received last month was the Bell of San Jose High School. All departments were represented and well written.

What there is in the Pruderie of April is interesting, but it is very brief in comparison with the previous issue.

The Lowell contains the best stories of any of the April exchanges. "The Man in the Overalls," and "The Team Makes a Trip," are both well written and interesting. Your cuts are attractive features of the paper.

The March Review, has a very pretty cover design, in fact one of the best we have seen. Could you not construct your paper a little more closely as the parts are in general a little scattered.

If the new exchange editor of the Bulletin would write comments on more of the exchanges than the retiring editor it would increase our interest in the paper.

"A Midwinter Night's Dram," is an amusing poem in the Normal Record. The April number also contains several interesting stories.

It is difficult in a short story to develop a plot

and your stories do not show any particular ability on the part of the writers. This is our only criticism on the Dictum Est.

The Mendocino High School is small and does not issue a paper very often, but we have received a large and interesting paper—The Accident—which would be a credit to a larger school. A novel feature is the way the picture of the school-house is made to show up on the cover.

"Pine Breezes," a poem in the paper by the same name, pays a tribute to the natural beauty of our state. We will be glad to receive all future issues of this paper, as we found it quite interesting.

The Comet has been one of our most regular exchanges, and although we have made criticisms on your paper we have always been glad to welcome you to our table.

The Argus, of Hanford, certainly outdid itself in their annual commencement paper. So far, it is the best we have received. The cover is very pretty, although it is plain, it deserves special mention.

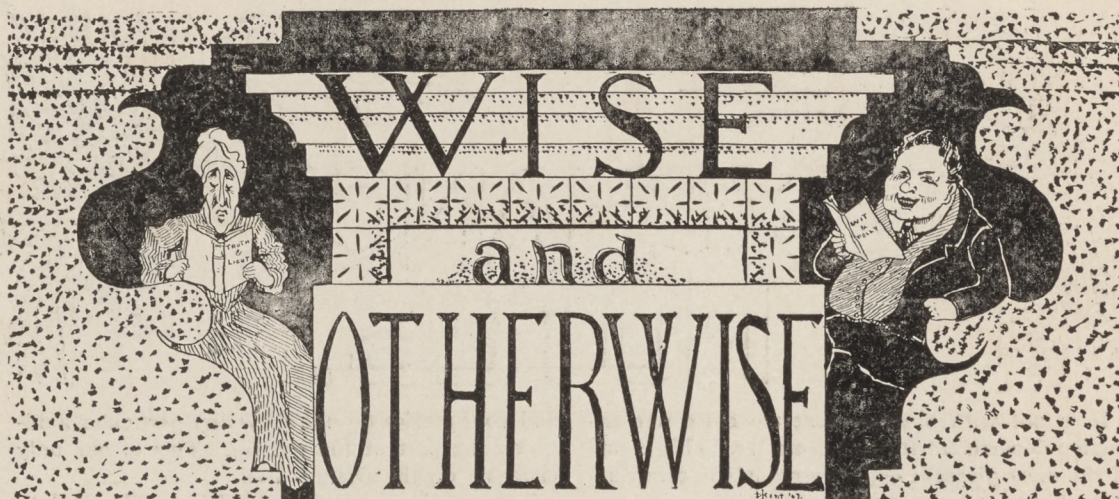
A new staff has taken charge of the Wah Hoo, commencing with the May issue. It seems to be just as good as ever and we want the new exchange editor to remember us as regularly as did the retiring one.

We have only received one number of the Trident from Santa Cruz, but it causes us to hope that more will follow next semester.

A. B., '08.—"I do not think it is right to go to base ball games on Sunday."

Her friend.—"But you play tennis on Sunday."

J. B., '08, says she dreamed H. H. S. came out second in the S. M. A. A. L. field meet. I wonder if it was a pipe dream?



The Gum Chewing Habit

The gum chewing habit is necessary in all schools. A school is not a school without this great means of occupation. While chewing gum, pupils cannot chew the rag with other pupils. It cleans the teeth, helps digestion and gives the jaws strength for later years (this is especially good for girls). Gum is for sale at all leading stationary stores or furnishers for school supplies. All bring three packs—no cure, no pay.

Any student desiring to compose a joke for the Sotoyoman is respectfully requested to comply with the following rules:

- (1.) It must not be personal.
- (2.) It must be clever.
- (3.) No jokes on the Freshmen will be accepted.
- (4.) It must not be written in a spirit of malice.
- (5.) No reformed spelling is acceptable.
- (6.) If a jingle it must be written in the heroic couplet—altho' at times and as an especial favor trochaic tetrameter will be allowed.
- (7.) It must be original.
- (8.) It must be written in a Spencerian hand and on both sides of blue Eaton Hurlburt note paper.

Requisites

For a Joke For the Sotoyoman

Freshie:—"I am not going to the rink any more, because everytime I fall down I get enough kindling wood in me to build fires for a week."

Quotation from Freshies.

"They say we Freshies are green, truly then, we must be an oasis in a desert."

Gertrude, '07.—"I was behind the door when good looks were given out."

Dorothy, '07.—"Well I know I was'nt the only one back there."

Isn't R. M. afraid he will injure his voice singing in the open air? The air about the college is rather cold.

They say green is good for the eyes—the teachers must think so from the way they sit and look at the Freshies.

Pupil, (after being severely lectured).—"Gee! it's windy around here, it seems like Cape Horn."

Senior—"Bert, your younger brother looks like you."

B. Mc., '07.—"Do you think so?"

Wise Senior.—"Yes, but he's liable to outgrow it."

Miss Cornish.—"When I went to the University all the young men of our class went to the stock exchange, but for some reason I didn't go."

Gertrude, '07, (as Prof. Warren, Prof. Hinchey and Dr. Thompson, the examiners, walked together through the Assembly Hall).—"There go the three wise men."

Mr. Hinchey, (to Juniors who seem to have gone beyond comprehending their geometry lessons).—"This is the 'Theory of Limits' and you certainly seem to have reached the limit."



Santa Rosa Hospitality

On the occasion of the dual track meet between the Healdsburg High School athletes and the Freshie Sophomore Team of the Santa Rosa High School, which took place in the City of Roses on March 30, our boys were very much impressed with what they term "Santa Rosa High Hospitality."

To be sure this is a rather broad term, which requires some explanation to those who are unacquainted with the full meaning of this phrase. Now gentle reader, we will offer our testimony.

The H. H. S. track team arrived in the county seat on the morning train, and in accordance with an old established S. R. H. S. custom, the Santa Rosa High School reception committee (?) welcome us by making itself especially conspicuous by its absence, obeying the well established custom, as usual.

Of course, the visiting team was able to appreciate the warm welcome accorded them, (for they were at the basketball game on the 8th of March, at Bower's Hall, when they were received so warmly (?) and after digesting same, proceeded to take in the sights, escorted by the S. R. H. S. reception committee (visionary of course).

Still we must acknowledge they made arrangements for lunch for the team. We were informed

that by eating at a certain 'hashhouse' we would enjoy a ten per cent discount on the regular price. On settling for the same we, of course, were charged full price.

We then enjoyed a delightful walk to the track, only a mile distant, and after the exertion of the meet, in which we unfortunately (?) proved the victors, the H. H. S. team was allowed the privilege of walking back to the depot, a mile and a half distant, for walking is healthy they say, but some of the S. R. H. S. boys, most of them—rode.

When we boarded the homeward bound train, the S. R. H. S. reception committee (?) was still as conspicuous as ever by its absence—not even one S. R. H. S. student saw us off.

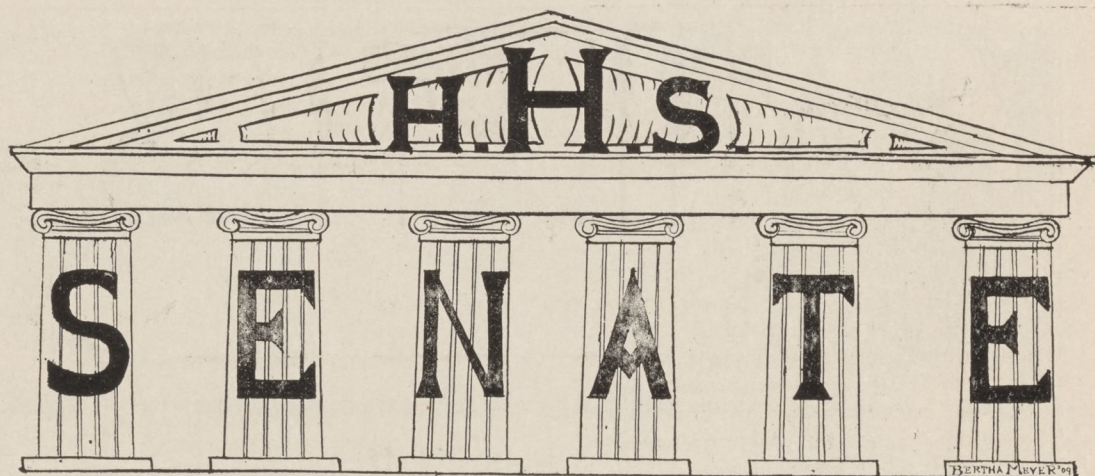
Really, we cannot find words in which to thank the S. R. H. S. reception committee (?) for the numerous courtesies extended our much bewalked track team, which "**Walked Right In, Walked Over Them, and Walked Right Out Again.**"

Baseball

The showing made by the baseball team representing Healdsburg High, in the recent series of games with the nine from the Santa Rosa High, is certainly one that is a credit to the local High School and will not soon be forgotten.

In the first game of the series, which was played on the local diamond, the home team met with defeat, the score being 4-3 in favor of the opposing

(Continued on Page Thirty-Three)



James McCormick, former member of class '07, is learning the plumbing trade in the city.

Ynez Whitney '07, spent a few days in the city and in Petaluma this month.

Gertrude Coffman '07, visited friends in San Rafael lately.

Allen Gobbi, member of '07, Sophomore class, is residing in Healdsburg.

Duval Phillips, member of '07, Sophomore class, is learning the plumber's trade at Gun & Ferguson's.

Lester McDonough '06, made a brief visit to this city, from Saturday, June 8, to June 9th.

J. G. Caldwell has recently visited his former classmates of '07.

Percy Wisecarver, formerly a member of the H. H. S. class '08 is spending his vacation in Healdsburg.

Edna Thomas formerly of '07, is working in a department store in Los Angeles.

George Pursur, a former member of class '07, for a time attended the San Rafael High School and is now living in the city.

Thrumman Wisecarver '06, is home on his vacation.

Stella and Ileta Lufkin have recently been quite sick with the mumps, but we are glad to say they are now both recovered.

Elsie Arey '07, has recently graduated from the Minnie Smith, former student of the Commercial Department, is now living in San Francisco.

Lottie Farnsworth, formerly of our High School, recently honored us by a visit.

Clyde Hill, former member of class '08, is clerk-

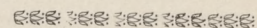
ing in Melvell Rosenburg's store.

P. U. College. Many of the H. H. S. students attended the P. U. C. commencement exercises and they had the pleasure of hearing Miss Arey deliver an essay on the "Influence of History." She discussed the value of historical experience very creditably for one so young, being only sixteen. Miss Arey is finishing her extra studies in our High School.

We were glad to notice a number of the Alumni present at our recent Piano Benefit.

Miss Jennie Hewitt, former member of class '07, graciously consented to sing for us at our last entertainment.

Ruby Hull, Edna and Ethel Piner, Floyd Moore and Howard Moody, formerly of the H. S., remain in the town at their homes.



Their Hobbies

Ynez—The Literary Digest.

Violet—Explaining about Poet's Corner.

Dorothy—Discussing stories she has never read.

Rodney—Looking wise.

Homer—Writing notes.

Aubery—Keeping picture post cards in her pockets.

Gertrude—Book moving.

Jessie Boss—Rewriting Joshes.

Stella—Wearing roses.

Dalhia—Reading exchanges at the library table.

Floyd—His big brother.

Ask C. G., '09, if she knows what shallowness of mind is.

Athletics

(Continued from Page Thirty-one)

team. But the local boys more than evened matters up in the game at Santa Rosa, which was played on Decoration Day, and resulted in a score of 12-6 in favor of the local team.

On Saturday, June 8, the teams representing the rival schools played the last game of the series, which decided the championship in favor of Healdsburg High School, the game resulting in a score of 8-2 in favor of Healdsburg High.

Healdsburg High School has not been represented in base ball for several years, and her victory over Santa Rosa High will certainly do a great deal toward forming a team next season.

Track

The prospects of a winning track team this coming school year are brighter than they have ever been before, and we will undoubtedly do more than has been done in previous years. We have some fine material coming in from various grammar schools and only one will graduate this term.

OFFICIAL YELLS

First—1—2—3—4!

3—2—1—4!

Who in the deuce are we for?

Healdsburg!

Second—Sky rocket! sis! boom! (whistle) ah!

The team!

Third—Ala bebo! ala bibo!

Ala bebo, bibo, bum!

Bum to the rat trap

A picking at the cat trap

Cannibal! Cannibal! zip beem ah!

Healdsburg! Healdsburg! W O W!

~~~~~

### A Lay to Our Latin Scholar

Let me tell a wondrous story—

Wondrous sweet and long,

About our classic Latin scholar,

Ynez;—theme for any song!

She is slim as a weeping willow

And her locks are long and brown,

Her mighty thoughts have made her pallid,

Her tresses weight the brow they crown.

Often is she melancholy

And meditates when she will die.

"Tum cum Cicero," she mutters,

"Let me in poet's corner lie!"

Then suddenly she gets happy and gay

And she'll giggle and joke for a while,

But soon old Virgil regains his sway

And she's pallid and pensive without a smile.

~~~~~

Advice

I.

To the chemistry class that comes after us,

This advice we wish to extend,

Don't ever get angry and make a fuss

If glass tubing you cannot bend.

II.

If acids you spill on your very best clothes

Or your towels be dirty and old,

Be ever so careful you don't burn your nose,

And for goodness sake don't ever scold.

III.

Tho' your lessons be long and your ex's hard

And life seems one terrible dream,

Go on with a will and look to your cards

For poor marks are worse than they seem.

Peggy, '07

~~~~~

### Lines About Dimes

"You owe me three dimes!"

Shouted Dallas six times.

"Three dimes! What for?"

Cried Floyd in a roar.

"For Sotoyomans, see!"

Sneered Dallas scornfully..

"I'll pay you when I'm rich."

Floyd answered in a screech.

"When will that be? "

Said Dallas haughtily.

"In the sweet bye and bye,"

Said Floyd beginning to cry.

"Here comes the collector to collect your dues,"

Said Dallas, "You had better not refuse!"

Floyd's hand into his pocket slipped,

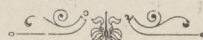
From a pruse full of dollars three dimes he

picked;

Then lickety-slip he fled away,

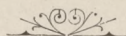
And Dallas smiled as he took his pay.

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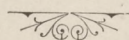


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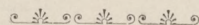
|                       |                  |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Business Course ..... | About Six Months |
| Shorthand .....       | About Six Months |
| Combined .....        | About Ten Months |

### EXPENSES:

|                                                                             |                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| A Six-Months' Scholarship, Business Department, in advance                  | \$60 00        |
| A Six-Months' Scholarship, Short hand Department, in advance                | 60 00          |
| A Ten-Months' Scholarship, combined course                                  | 90 00          |
| Books and Supplies, Business Course                                         | 10 00          |
| Books and Supplies, Shorthand Course                                        | 5 00           |
| Books and Supplies, Combined Course                                         | 15 00          |
| Incidentals, in all courses                                                 | 2 50           |
| Good Board and Lodging in private families, <small>Per School Month</small> | 18 00 to 20 00 |



Fall Term Begins Sept. 2, 1907



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You'll probably need a blue or black suit for the graduation exercises. Several new and smart styles have just arrived in blue serges and black thibets and worsteds. Prices from \$10 to \$25.00.

### For Young Ladies

We pay special attention in securing the newest and most suitable materials for graduation dresses. We are prepared to show you fine values in organdies, silk mulls, tokio silk and silk nets.

Our line of laces and trimmings contains all the most desirable styles and patterns. Also new lines in gloves, hosiery, ribbons, muslin underwear, fans, corsets and neckwear. We are showing fine values in Parasols.

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\*\*\*\*\*

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and Split Material, :

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J. F., '09, (in English class).—"I can't see any of the questions."

Miss C., (taking a large bunch of ferns from the desk), "Is this obstructing your view?"

J. F.—"No! You are," (the class laughed).

Prof. (Hinchey in shorthand).—"Question: Between what two cars was he squeezed?"

T. B., (thinking of something else).—"Between Healdsburg and Windsor."

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C. Y.—"No."

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R. J., '09.—"Why did she have to ask her children—couldn't she see herself?"

Some laugh for sale—ask G. L., '10, about it.

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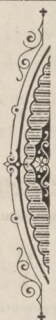
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ATTORNEY AT LAW

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**We Furnish Single and Double Rigs**

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— AT THE —

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**The Sotoyoman**  
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Nobody wants medicines if they can avoid them, but when the necessity for them arises, of course, everybody wants to have the best, made from the purest drugs. One of our specialties is the compounding of Doctor's Prescriptions, and every physician in town knows that his orders are promptly and accurately filled here without the possibility of a mistake. We should like to have your custom, knowing that we can satisfy you.

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Watches, Fine  
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Class Pins to Order

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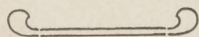
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